

GRISHJÄRTA

NATTRAMN



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Natramn

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81 / 200

In The Sign Of HAL
Humani Animali Liberati 2011



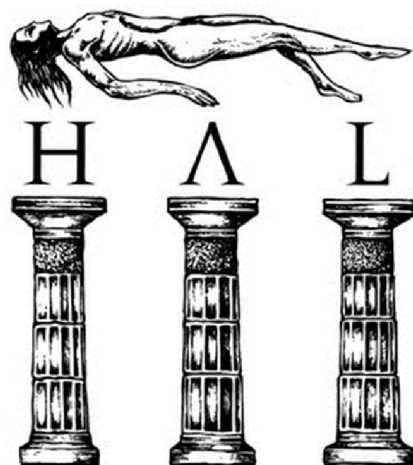
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The swedish to english translations should be looked upon as more
of a service for the non swedish readers than a correct poetic translation

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Djuret i spegeln

Du går här och skriker
och gapar
med ansiktet ditt ut och in
och varför?
varför ?
går du baklänges för?
galenskap...ett fastiapansgap
ett tvåbent svin
med djuriska böjelser
inget av godo sipprar
ur din kropp
sårig hud, varbolder
lokal nekros
nog skulle
en likhund markera!
tag blodtapparkniven
i dina grisslaktarhänder
och känn dig välkommen;
välkommen till grisfesten!

The animal in the mirror
- Djuret i spegeln -

You go here and scream
and yawns
with your face turned inside out
and why?
why?
walk backwards?
madness...a stuck in the monkey jaws
a two-legged pig
with animalistic inclinations
nothing good trickles
out of your body
broken skin, abscesses
local necrosis
surely a cadaver dog would mark!
then take the blood-drip-knife in your pig-slaughtering-hands
make yourself at home
welcome to the pork feast!

Sjuk i själen

Med leende som fasthäftat
grinar bredkäftat
blöder obehindrat
flinar obetingat
kall, avstängd
ångestströmmar
elektriska nerver
ovetandes rullas jag omkring
behandlas, tittas på
själv ser jag ingenting

Sick in the soul
- Sjuk i själen -

With a stapled smile
big jawed grin
bleeding freely
grins unconditionally
cold, cut off
flowing anxiety
electrical nerves
unwittingly rolled around
treated, observed
as for myself, I see nothing

Självhät i singularis

Kött och galla
piss och svett
skit, snor och sperma
blod och helig ande
brosk och gulnat skelett
visst är jag väl
det vackraste ni sett?

Self-hatred in singularis
- Självhat i singularis -

Flesh and bile
piss and sweat
shit, snot and semen
blood and holy spirit
cartilage and yellowed bones
sure, I am must be
the most beautiful thing you have seen?

Skjut mig till evigheten

Här placerar jag mina daggvåta ögon på graven
på denna svala grund vilar vårt evighetslånga förbund
här någonstans, i det dunkelt skrivna
står för den klarsynte tydligt att läsa:

Du:

den tredje själen, det första djuret, den sista människan:

animalis codex
uppstår åter, fortgår oändligt
från dröm till handling
hotfullast till trots är glömskan
och död är jag när du glömt mig
Gud skriker genom molnen;
att den gamles tröst
blir den unges röst
och allt, precis allt
skall gå mig ur händerna

Shoot me into eternity
- Skjut mig till evigheten -

Here I place my dewy eyes on the grave
on this cool ground rests our eternal union
here somewhere, in the dimly-written
stands for the perceptive clear to read:

You:

the third soul, the first animal, the last man:
animalis codex

rises again, continuing infinitely
from dream to action

the most threatening after all is oblivion
and dead I am when you forget me

God is screaming through the clouds;
that the old man's comfort

becomes the youngster's voice
and everything, absolutely everything
shall go out of my hands

Två, sexa

Vi är här nu
ett minus ett
frivilligt eller ofrivilligt
likväl...
vi står på noll

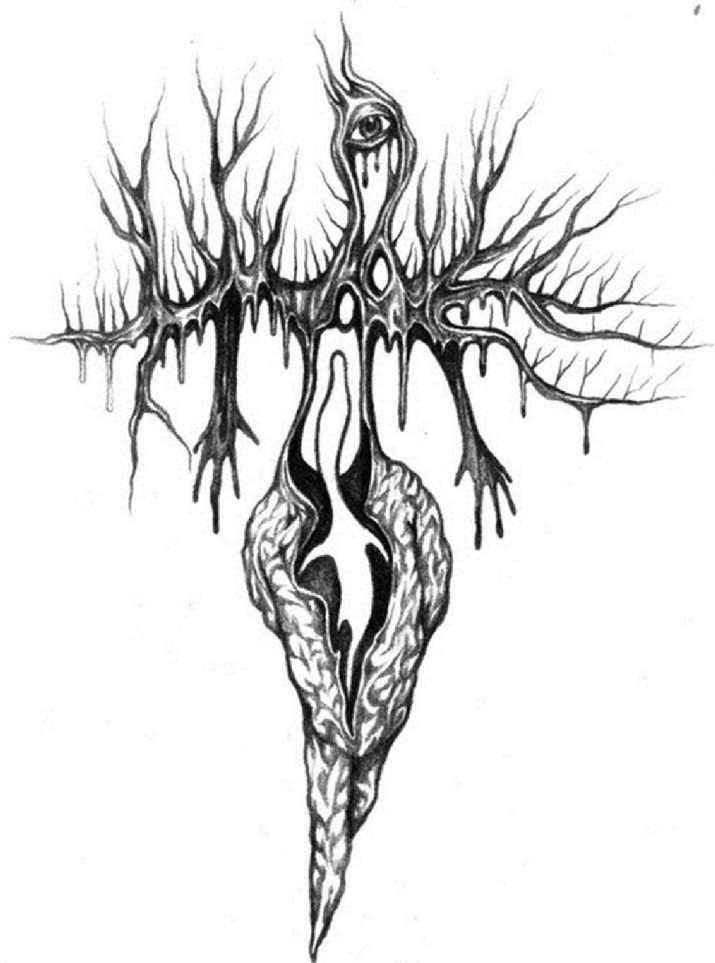


Second, six
- Tvâa, sexa -

We are here now
one minus one
voluntarily or involuntarily
still...
we are at zero

Förintelsekomplex

Inväntar hösten
likt en dödlig salva
gentemot tinningen
andas tungt nu
matas med gift
för att lura mig frisk igen
och träden...
ja träden gråter kåda
allt jag vill ha
är din mänsklighet
inte ditt ansikte
eller hjärta
ej heller ditt sköte
allt det
kan du behålla
skänka eller skända
valet är ditt
så långt...
...är du fri
men det som gör dig
till människa;
det tar jag!



Holocaust complex
- Förintelsekomplex -

Awaiting autumn
like a deadly burst
to the temple
breathing heavily now
fed with poison
to fool
me well again
and the trees...
yes the trees weep resin
all I want
is your humanity
not your face
or heart
neither your genitals
all this
you can keep
donate or desecrate
it is your choice
so far...
...you are free
but what makes you human;
I will take!

Transformation

Inflammera, infektera
vrid ur, tänk om
stryk till, kliv ur
distrahera, konstatera
tänk om, vrid ur,
slit av, kliv in

Transformation

Inflame, infect
wring out, re-think
strangle to, step out
distract, state
re-think, wring out
tear off, step into

Slutdiagnos: kall stram död

Döden häckar likt en fågel
på St:Sigfrids sotiga tak
bjuder trygg vila för den sjuka anden
tager oss stadigt vid handen
viskar genom betong och tegel
gula ögonhålör skymtas där bakom
någonstans här
svävar min bror
någonstans här
blöder min mor
och någonstans här
gråter min far
nu sjunger vi de förtrycktas sånger
för timman är slagen
inga gränser känner hjärtats rymder
när vi tillsammans går i tomma döden

Final diagnosis: stiff cold death

- Slutdiagnos: kall stram död -

Death nests like a bird
on the sooty roof of St. Sigfrid
offers secure rest for the sick spirit
takes us firmly by the hand
whispering through concrete and bricks
yellow eye-sockets glimpses behind
somewhere here
hovers my brother
somewhere here
bleeds my mother
and somewhere here
cries my father
now we sing the songs of the demented
the hour is upon us
no boundaries knows your heart
when we together go into empty death

Pluralexistens

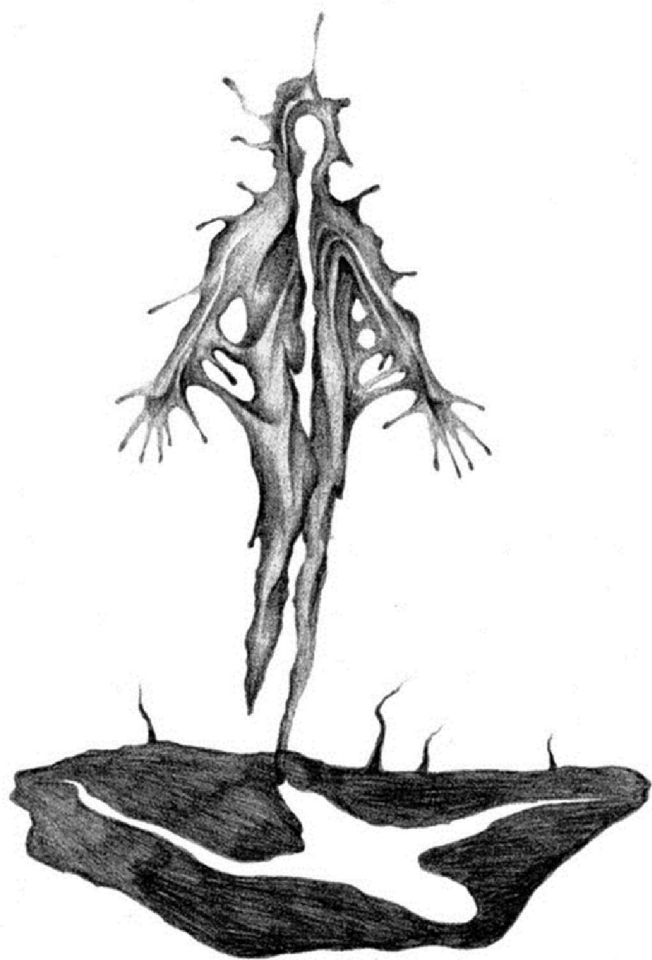
Se min kropp i förfall
hör hur jag kvider, hur jag gnyr
det gör ont, lyssna på mitt skall!
jag blöder när jag spyr
lunkandes i för liten bur
uppgivet likt ett sårat djur

Plural existence
- Pluralexistens -

Watch my body in decay
hear my cries, how I whimper
it hurts, listen to me bark!
I bleed when I puke
trodge around in a cage too small
dejected, like a wounded animal

Det stora språnget

Går från dröm till handling
släcker lampan för gott
bereder sinnet
reser baklänges
genom rymderna
grumlig och grå
men just i detta nu
så otroligt klar
först blir det vita svart
men tids nog blir svart åter vitt
och evigheten ter sig
som ett brusande maskineri
allt är skrikande ljus
och det här är undergången,
övergången
blodet rusar
och så gör tankarna
tänker slut
blöder ut



The great leap
- Det stora språnget -

Goes from dream to action
turning off the light for good
prepares the mind
travels backwards
through space
cloudy and gray
but at this very moment
so incredibly clear
first white turns black
but in time black becomes white again
and eternity seems
like a roaring machinery
everything is screaming bright
and this is perdition
the transition
blood rushes
and so do the thoughts
thinking ends
bleeding out

Drömprocess på dödsvita lakan

Intag position
blicka uppåt
för nu svävar korpen
i den blodfyllda luften
frigör mig ifrån sjukdom och slaveri!
rädda mig ifrån sjukhus och hysteri!
slumrar slött på någon meters djup
vrider mig och jämrar
vilar bland avdöda
snart tar jag dig med
ditt blod blir mitt blod
och ditt kött blir mitt
nu reser sig själen
likt fågel Fenix
klar och galen
intag position
blicka uppåt
för nu svävar kroppen
i den blodfyllda luften

*Dream process on death white sheets
- Drömprocess på dödsvita lakan -*

Take position
gaze upwards
because now the raven hovers
in the blood filled air
free me from disease and slavery!
save me from hospitals and hysteria!
slumbers sluggishly a few meters deep
twists and moans
rests among deceased
soon I'll take you with me
your blood is my blood
and your flesh will be mine
now rises the soul
like the phoenix
clear and mad
take position
gaze upwards
because now the body hovers
in the blood filled air

Vitt blir svart

Tvätta ditt anlete i Ganghes, Europa!
ditt vita guld har oxiderat
liknar mest smutsigt brons
mellan väggarna gömmer sig insekter
gömmar sig råttor och mask
tvätta ditt anlete i Ganghes, Europa!

White turns black

- Vitt blir svart -

Wash your face in Ganghes, Europe!
your white gold has oxidized
looking merely like dirty bronze
between the walls hide insects
hiding rats and worms
wash your face in Ganghes, Europe!

Människospegel bär mig fram

Min kropp är ett rostigt maskineri
dåligt skött, osmört och hackigt
förvridet, skevt, skitigt
förvrängt, halvt itubitet
uppskuret och sönderbrutet
slitet, förbrukat
nedgången till grunden
och förödmjukat
låt det bara...
söndra och förruttna
vittra, blekas, tyna bort
undan...undan...förundan
utan verklig förundran
utan...utan...förutan

*Human mirror carry me through
- Människospegel bär mig fram -*

My body is a rusty machinery
poorly nursed, ungreaed and choppy
warped, twisted, dirty
distorted, half chewed in two
cut up and broken
worn out, exhausted
ground to the ground
and humiliated
let it just...
divide and rot
wither, fade, fade away
away...away...drop away
no real surprise
with...with...without

Vi är alla sår

Urtidsmun spyr ut kaos
iskalla virvlar
på avgrundsbottn
i stormigt hav
utbrott av eld
och lava
varje sår
skall blöda

***We are all wounds
- Vi är alla sår -***

Primeval mouth spewing chaos
ice cold whirls
at the bottom of the abyss
on a stormy sea
outbreaks of fire
and lava
each wound
shall bleed

Ängel under jorden

Tänk ifall
du haft nerver av plast
mitt första skrik som barn
ekar för evigt genom rymderna
kan du höra dem?
Moder, jag är ditt barn
blicken din var trött och grå
ditt huvud så tungt
fast du var i sorgerus,
vänd mot
de kvävda, de döda,
vi blev födda
med sådan möda
dina kärl tugga
ditt hjärta sucka
och slutligen bars din själ bort med vinden
Mamma; nu går du med de döda

*Angel underneath the ground
- Ängel under jorden -*

What if
you had nerves made of plastic
my first cry as a child
echoes forever through space
can you hear them?
Mother, I am your child
your gaze was tired and gray
your head so heavy
fixed in a haze of grief
turned to
the choked, the killed,
born with such labour
your arteries chew
your heart sighed
and finally your soul was carried away by the wind
Mom; now you go with the dead

Urartigheter

Åh barnatro!
åååh barnatro!
barn; stirra in i våldets kaos!
på ett ögonblick
blev du så mycket äldre
bestulen på allt du var
och allt du skulle komma att bli
nu är du ett skal
utätet och tömt
hopplöst förlorat
och grundligt fördömd



Deteriorations
- Urartigheter -

Oh childhood faith!
ooh childhood faith!
children; stare into the violence of chaos!
in the twinkling of an eye
you became so much older
robbed of everything you once were
and all you would come to be
now you're a shell
eaten and emptied
hopelessly lost
and thoroughly condemned

Vågor av elektricitet

Växlar mellan stereo
och tv
växlar sinnen
i tomrummet skapar jag mystiken
olevt liv
liksom undanröjt
eller i alla fall förtöjt
står parkerad på vintergatan
transparenta tankar
och nedåtgående spiraler
kommunicerar i kod
i nuet gör jag ingenting
dessa ord får bli de sista

Waves of electricity
- Vågor av elektricitet -

Switches between stereo
and tv
switches senses
in the void I create the mystique
unlived life
kind of eliminated
or at least moored
parked on the Milky Way
transparent thoughts
and downward spirals
communicating in code
in the present I do nothing
these words must be the last

Framtida nekrolog

Ur vår sjukdoms febevagga skall blodshämnd stiga
genom ostan by till kristen stad
genom mark och ryd
vi vanvettets resa viga
vår väg färgas röd
skräck möter ögats glob
vår galenskap blir till död
ur bröders sår rinner edert blod
för er leder tiden icke fram

Future necrologue
- Framtida nekrolog -

From the fever-cradle of our illness
the blood vengeance is rising
through eastern village to Christian town
through soil and ryd
we dedicate the mad journey
our path turns red
horror meets the eye globe
our madness turns into death
from the wound of the brothers your blood flows
for you, time leads no further

Vem är dåren?

Min kalla bleka
högst fetlagda kropp;
är för dig ett tempel
fall igenom
mina döda ögon
gräv omkring
i mitt inre
botanisera
böj ditt huvud
tillbe mig
på såriga knän
12 män hade Jesus
jag har desto flera
homo erectus!

Who's the madman?

- Vem är dåren? -

My cold pale
most portly body;
are for you a temple
fall through
my dead eyes
dig around
inside me
botanize
bow your head
worship me
on sore knees
12 men had Jesus
I had even more
homo erectus!

Kalla folket ur sömnen

Och när ärans värde
är blott en kniv i ryggen
då skall ursjälen
sträcka sig mot dygden
ropa till strid i dimman
och kalla folket
ur sömngångarslummern
resa statyer i ära
och väcka martyrer ur glömskan
tusen år skall komma
ur historiens damm
evighetssjälens växer fram
tiden som är vår,
vi på breda axlar bära
blodspill blott
ett stenkast bort
kom fort, kom fort!
urfadern leder oss i nya tider
ifrån urtid till framtid
det finns väl inget att se?
det finns väl inget mer att se...?
på dessa gator som fyllts med blod



Summon the people from the sleep
- Kalla folket ur sömnen -

And when the value of honor
is but a knife in the back
the primeval soul
stretches toward virtue
cry out to battle in the fog
and call the people
from the somnambulistic slumbering
erecting statues in honor and
raise martyrs from oblivion
a thousand years to come
from the dust of history
the eternal soul grows
the time that is ours,
we carry on broad shoulders
blood spill only
a stone's throw away
come soon, come soon!
forefather leads us into new times
from prehistoric to futuristic
there is nothing to see?
there is nothing more to see...?
on these streets that is filled with blood

Vox inhumana

Vilddjuret diar
med vässad tand
stärkt ur askan
av min vänstra hand
lösgjord ur alla band
reser sig en vålnad
med klor som river
ögon som förföljer
känn min iver
och lugnet som sköljer
öööver sinnet
jag brinner
djupt i minnet
du vaknar, vakar
kliver fram
breder ut dina vingar
öppnar käftarna
Broder låt mig höra din röst!
skriiik ut din röst
är det du eller jag?
skriiik ut din röst
är det du eller jag?
skriiik ut din röst
är det du eller jag?
Nattramn flyg ur mitt bröst
Nattramn kom ut! Nattramn flyg ut!



Vox inhumana

The beast suckles
with sharpened tooth
strengthened from the ashes
of my left hand
detached from all ties
stands a ghost
with claws that tear
eyes that haunts
feel my zeal
and the serenity that washes
ooover the mind
I'm burning
deep in memory
you wake up, watches
steps up
spread your wings
open the jaws
Brother let me hear your voice!
screeeam out your voice
is it you or me?
screeeam out your voice
is it you or me?
screeeam out your voice
is it you or me?
Nattramn fly out of my chest
Nattramn come out! Nattramn fly out!

Vålnader resen er ur dyn (från ovan till nedan)

Autotomi Narcissus! du är vit, verkningslös och blek
rakt i mårgen Brutus! egg så tunn men enträgen
o megalomani, jag är ren och stark, extravagant även
transit broder!
lystring HJON - ni dricker blodet ur näven

Ghosts arise from the mud (from above to below)
- Vålnader resen er ur dyn (från ovan till nedan) -

Autotomi Narcissus! you are white, ineffectual and pale
straight through the marrow, Brutus!
knife edge so thin but persistent
o megalomania, I am pure and strong, extravagant even
transit brother!
Attention SERVANT - you drink the blood from the hand

Svaret finns i blodet

Bortbrända nerver
(så kvavt)
plocka ut njure och lever
(så varmt)
bortglömda känslor
(så tryggt)
riv ut!

stanken!
vitt och rent
skölj bort min synd,
lägg mig i jord, moder!
vålnads våld blir mord, broder!

universum på ett badrumsgolv
för alla att se, att lära och att göra
på obducentens altare viskar jag och svarar:
detta är början och slutet på vårt blodiga väsen
nu är det hög tid för de stumma att tala och för de döva att höra!

The answer is in the blood

- Svaret finns i blodet -

Burnt off nerves
(so stagnant)
take out the kidney and liver
(so warm)
forgotten emotions
(so safe)
tear out!

the stench!
white and clean
wash away my sin,
lay me in earth, mother!
the ghosts violence turns to murder, brother!

universe on a bathroom floor
for all to see, to learn and to do
on the pathologist's altar I whisper and answer:
this is the beginning and the end of our bloody essence
now is the time for the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear!

A till Ö

Hör upp nu; djur, systrar och bröder
ni är födda och ni blöder
längst fram går barnen, sedan går de sjuka
i mitten trampar kvinnorna, sist går männen
ni är söndriga, ni är såriga
ni är kommande generationers bödlar
grumligt är själens öde
men klart likt glas är förändringen av den döde
döden är inte estetisk, inte skön
aldrig lugn eller avsmnad
kanske vilsam på ytan
men i det krampande djupet av era lungor
hörs ljudet av ett bromsande tåg
gemensamt vi närmar oss den ljusa evigheten
beredd likt en orörd kropp ligger Vintergatan
och jag frågar er:
tänkte ni er döden så?

*A to Z
- A Till Ö -*

Now listen up; animals, sisters and brothers
you are born and you are bleeding
in the front walk the kids, and then walk the sick
in the middle tramples women, lastly walk the men
you are broken, you are sore
you are the future generations of executioners
murky is the fate of the soul
still clear like glass are the alterations of the dead
death is not aesthetic, not beautiful
never quiet or slumbering
perhaps relaxing on the surface
but in the convulsions of the depths of your lungs
hears the sound of a braking train
together we get closer to the bright eternity
prepared like a pristine body lies the Milky Way
and I ask you:
did you imagine your death this way?

Kosmos är en kyrkogård

Väck ditt hjärtas djur
res dig upp
ta ett evighetssprång
ut i mörka natten

blöd dig ur sorgen
If från moder
If från broder
mättat med blod
vare brödet
till vilket vi skänker vår fader
friheten, kan du röra vid den?

du flyter runt där någonstans
i tiden
obunden och fri
i kläder av siden
är du ensam i den kalla rymden?
håll min hand nu kära mor,
jag vill följa dig med

låt oss klä oss varmt
mössa och vantar av ylle
det kan bli nog så kallt
i den stora rymden

mor, orden flyr mig alltför ofta
jag är inget mer
än ett geni och en profet
i skitig kofta

*Cosmos is a graveyard
- Kosmos är en kyrkogård -*

Wake your animal heart
rise up
take an eternal leap
out in the dark night

bleed yourself out of grief
from mother
from brother
engorged with blood
the bread
to which we offer our father
freedom, can you touch it?

you are floating around there somewhere
through time
unbound and free
in clothes made of silk
are you alone in the cold space?
hold my hand now, dear mother,
I will follow you

let's dress warmly
hat and mittens of wool
it might be really cold
in the vast space

mother, words escape me too often
I am nothing more
than a genius and a prophet
in a dirty cardigan

*För den svenska misären, mordet på folksjälén och för
vården som aldrig riktigt fanns*

Åtdragningar, åtstramningar och indragningar
nu har vi grus i maskineriet
anar sprickor i matrisen
och apan har sagt sitt
det får vara nog nu

mindre rum, ökad säkerhet (dörr låst)
högre tryck, hårdare tag tyvärr
det blir tungt och bitande kallt

likt ett myndighetsbrev (nu har du gjort det igen)
den sista utopisten garrotterades igår
naglad vid stolen, kedjad vid hjulet
tag dig en vansinnestablett, hör piskan vina
ställ dig i kön, om det finns plats
tag för dig nu

mätta hungern med en näve ångest
lev livet i limbo, lev i paus
vi räknar nedåt, går bakåt

läser du detta uppifrån och ned, nedifrån och upp?
tag dig en nypa luft om du har lust
än så länge är den fri
men det kommer att bli tuffare nu

*For the Swedish misery, murder of the volk soul and
for the care that never really was
- För den svenska misären, mordet på folksjälén och för
vården som aldrig riktigt fanns -*

Tightenings, austerities and suspensions
now there's a spanner in the works
suspecting cracks in the matrix
and the monkey have spoken
enough is enough now
smaller rooms, increased security (doors locked)
higher pressure, clampdowns unfortunately
it becomes heavy and biting cold
like an authority letter (now you've done it again)
the last utopian was garrotted yesterday
nailed to the chair, chained to the wheel
take yourself a crazy pill, hear the whip swish
stand in the queue, if there is room
grasp it while you can
satisfy your hunger with a handful of anxiety
live life in limbo, living in pause
we are counting down, walking backwards
do you read this top-down, bottom-up?
get yourself some air if you like
so far it's free
but things will be tougher now

Sankt Sigfrid hade tovtigt hår

Jag vet, jag vet
att du bidat din tid
pliktat, suttit av
väntat vid maskin
offrat, slitit ont
krökt rygg och svalt förtret
vitnande knogar, krasande skelett
hundår efter hundår
mössan i hand
kämpat, krampat
knappast andats
gift i glaset, salt i såren
dödsmärkt och övergiven
djupt i blodet
men detta till trots;
fullständigt fri!

Saint Sigfrid had ragged hair
- Sankt Sigfrid hade tovtigt hår -

I know, I know
that you have been biding your time
paid, sat off
waited by the machine
sacrificed, roughed it
arched back and swallowed annoyance
whitening knuckles, crunching bones
dog years after dog years
hat in hand
fought, seized
hardly breathed
poison in the glass, salt in the wounds
doomed and deserted
deep in the blood
but despite all this;
completely free!

Gravens hunger & hungern för graven

Känner du skam
över din åtrå till de döda?
omfamna istället
det obegripliga, oformbara
du får lov att vakna ur drömmen
här för vi glömma,
här får vi gömmas
känner du att du svettas?
smakar du blod i gommen?
vet då att;
döden är ditt kall och döden är din plikt
och förglöm ej följande;
för dig står dörren alltid öppen!



Hunger of the grave & the hunger for the grave
- Gravens hunger & hungern för graven -

Do you feel shame
over your lust for the dead?
embrace instead
the incomprehensible, unformable
you'll have to wake from the dream
here we may forget,
here we may hide
do you feel that you sweat?
tasting blood in the roof of your mouth?
then you must know:
death is your call and death is your duty
and don't forget the following:
for you, the door is always open!

Ablation

Någon gång igår
omkring 10
upphörde skapelsens
klocka att ringa
allting skall visst utplånas
rensas, tömmas ut
och var Jesus egentligen
en nervklen idiot?
är vi knappt förmer än
animaliskt avfall?
har det alltid förhållit sig så?
är detta resultatet av vårt förfall?
någon gång ikväll
kanske vid 10
träder vi in i cirkeln
och kanske, kanske
minns vi något
ifall vi vaknar

Ablation

Sometime yesterday
about 10
the bell of creation stopped chiming
apparently everything is to be obliterated,
rinsed, drained
and was Jesus really
a nerve weak idiot?
are we barely better than
animal waste?
was this always the case?
is this the result of our decline?
sometime tonight
maybe at 10
we enter into the circle
and maybe, maybe
we remember something
if we wake up

Kallare än på bild

Konsekvent
inkonsekvent
omedgörlig
svårfångad
oformbar
oklassad
eller utklassad
oersättlig
okoncentrerad
fokuserad
smärtsamt ömmande
fördömande
psykotiskt drömmande
misshandlad
blödande
iskall
glödande
ibland...
fullkomligt förödande

Colder than the image

- Kallare än på bild -

Consistent
inconsistent
intransigent
elusive
unformable
unclassed
or outclassed
irreplaceable
distracted
focused
painfully tender
judgemental
psychotically dreaming
beaten
bleeding
ice-cold
glowing
sometimes...
absolutely devastating

De vårdar mig in i döden (utskrift)

Det är ju mentalt...mentalt hela skiten...sitter här...springer kollar dörren hela jävla tiden, kollar under dörren och ser vad som händer, man kan se fötterna... de har spanat hela jävla tiden, sluta då för fan...jävla Ullman också, fan inte dra ner på medicinen...nej, drar de ner på medicinen så sticker jag då blir det ett jävla liv alltså, då jävlar...då drar jag till Värnamo...så ligger jag där på en klippa och väntar...hela jävla skiten är ångest...till och med den här inspelningen är en jävla ångest

lyssna bara, bara lyssna på skiten bara lyssna på den jävla ångesten, hör du det? bara höj upp volymen och lyssna på den jävla ångesten, ditt jävla tattarblod, dra åt helvete för fan...vad fan vet ni om någonting?

en jävla fasad är det, ren jävla fasad är det...

och de här väggarna, de har ni aldrig varit innanför och ni kommer fan aldrig innanför dem heller för den absoluta tomheten, den absoluta tomheten...psykisk cancer...S:t Sigfrid brinner...för helvete då

Nej.

Nej.

för helvete...för helvete då...oåterkalleligt, oåterkalleligt, den absoluta tomheten, den absoluta tomheten...förstånd....förstånd...du måste ha förstånd för den absoluta tomheten... för den absoluta tomheten...förstånd för helvete, förstånd...förstånd....förstånd...

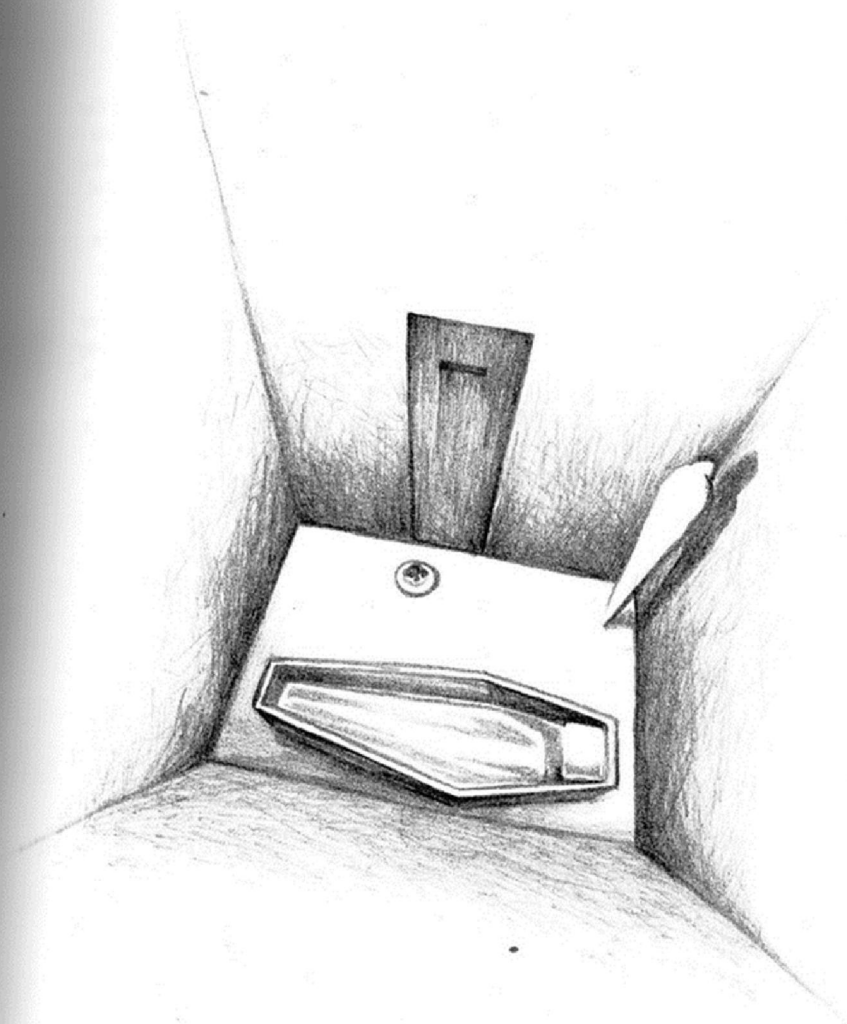
Nej.

varför? varför? väck mig, väck mig, väck mig, vakna, vakna, vakna...

Nej.

renheten, renheten, renheten...Broder Bödel, Broder Bödel...och fredsmäklaren, fredsmäklaren

det är bara förvaring, det är bara förvaring, fattar du inte? det är bara förvaring vårda mig in i döden, vårda mig in i döden



They are nursing me till death (transcript)

- De vårdar mig in i döden (utskrift) -

It's mental...all the shit is mental...sitting here watching the door...running the whole fucking time, checking under the door and see what's going on, you can see the feet...they have watched the whole damn time, stop then damn it...fucking Ullman too, do not fucking cut down on medication...no, if they cut down on the medicine I'm going then all hell breaks loose, fucking hell...then I'm off to Värnamo...and then I lie there on a cliff and wait...the whole fucking shit is anxiety...even this recording is fucking anxiety

just listen, just listen to this shit, just listen to the fucking anxiety, do you hear that? just raise the volume and listen to the fucking anxiety, you fucking gypsy blood, fuck off for fuck's sake...what the hell do you know about anything? a fucking facade it is, pure fucking facade it is...

and these walls, you never been on the inside, and you will never fucking get inside them either

for the absolute nothingness, the absolute nothingness...mental cancer...St. Sigfrid is burning...fucking hell

No.

No.

damn...damn then...irrevocable, irrevocable, the absolute nothingness, the absolute nothingness...understanding...understanding...you must have an understanding for the absolute nothingness...for the absolute nothingness...understanding for fuck's sake

understanding...understanding...understanding

No.

why? why? wake me, wake me, wake up, wake up, wake up...

No.

the purity, the purity, the purity...Broder Bödel, Broder Bödel and the peacemaker, the peacemaker

it's just storage, it's just storage, don't you understand? it's just storage they are nursing me till death, nursing me till death

Från moderns bröst till Guds huvud

För det absoluta, självklara
för det kalla, uppenbara
kristallklara
glaskalla
genomskinliga, tydliga
som is, dagg eller nysnö
avklädda och bara
högt stående och klara
det är hög tid för oss
högre tid för oss
människan som väsen
har aldrig varit högre

From the mother's breast to God's head
- Från moderns bröst till Guds huvud -

For the absolute, natural
for the cold, obvious
crystal clear
glass cold
transparent, legible
like ice, dew or new snow
stripped and bare
high standing and ready
it is high time for us
higher time for us
man as being
has never been higher

Narcissus var väl aldrig så vacker som jag

Av medfödd ovilja till förbrödring
och genom konstant förändring
var jag igår skev och vanställd
idag ser jag annorlunda ut
imorgon kan jag vara ditt djur
vänner, älskade
älskade vänner?
ni är stjärnstoft för vinden
kamrater, fränder?
se så, här bjuder jag eder
en lavett för kinden
(tro att vi är du och bror...!)

bär mig ut...
nu!
på edra klena armar

*Surely, Narcissus was not as beautiful as I
- Narcissus var väl aldrig så vacker som jag -*

With congenital unwillingness to fraternization
and through constant change
I was yesterday warped and disfigured
today, I look different
tomorrow I can be your animal
friends, loved ones
beloved friends?
you are star dust in the wind
companions, comrades?
I bid you a slap on the cheek
(to even think that we are like brothers...!)
carry me out...
now!
at your feeble arms

Animaliskt avfall

Jag kräver krafttag mot Nattramn, NU!
ni måste ta i med hårdhandskarna
lägg mitt blekfeta lik på en bänk av plåt
ni bör desinficera verktygen (av oklar anledning)
skär min hals och mina leder
såga av mitt huvud (ja se hals över huvud)
slakta min kropp, slakta min kropp
avlägsna mitt sjuka kött
det luktar unket, smakar säkert härsket
stycka upp min väldiga buk
köttig, svulstig och högst onaturligt fet
gör vad ni vill med min degiga, spruckna hud
kanske en kappa till frun eller varför inte en lampskärm?
det finns en behållare för varje lem (plast ifrån Scan)
tio fingrar, tio tår
ett par (alltför) kraftiga lär
inälvorna i särskild slask, tack! (din mamma jobbar inte här!)
ögon, öron och kön till slaktarens tax
överarm, underarm
det gör detsamma
strimla och mal alltsammans
(tack för att ni tvättar händerna)

Animal waste
- Animaliskt avfall -

I demand a crackdown on Natramn, NOW!
you must take a hard line
lay my pale fat corpse on a metal bench
you should disinfect tools (of unclear cause)
cut my throat and my joints
saw off my head (head over heels)
slaughter my body, slaughter my body
remove my diseased meat
it smells stale, surely tastes rancid
carve up my huge abdomen
meaty, florid and unnaturally obese
do whatever you want with my doughy, cracked skin
perhaps a coat to the wife or maybe even a lampshade?
there is a container for each limb (plastic from Scan)
ten fingers, ten toes
a pair of (too) sturdy thighs
intestines in the special slush, thanks!
(your mother does not work here)
eyes, ears and penis to the butcher's dog
upper arm, forearm
it doesn't matter
shred and grind it all
(thank you for washing your hands)

Guds kluvna tunga

Jesus sväljer säd
Mohammed gurglar piss
Khali hostar blod
Shiva harklar slem
världsaltets öga roterar
blodhundens näsvingar vibrerar
egyptiska faraoner
rör sig genom coner
och dimensioner
rör sig mot norr
dikterar likt förr
tungomålstalar
med kluven tunga
vishet, klarhet, renhet
ekar i heliga symboler

God's forked tongue
- Guds kluvna tunga -

Jesus swallows semen
Mohammed gurgles piss
Khali coughs up blood
Shiva hawks mucus
universe eye rotates
bloodhound nostrils vibrate
Egyptian pharaohs
moves through eons
and dimensions
moving towards the north
dictate like yore
tongue speaks
with forked tongue
wisdom, clarity, purity
echoes through sacred symbols

Ma Ma

Vad känner dina sjukliga händer,
likkalla fingrar eller hud som brinner?
vad når dina blödande öron,
jernalderns brus eller blodets vindar?
vad ser dina såriga ögon,
en blödande moder eller en mördande broder?

Ma Ma

What do your hands feel,
dead cold fingers or skin that burns?
what reaches your bleeding ears
the hum of ironage or the blood's wind?
what does your sore eyes see
a bleeding mother or a murderous brother?



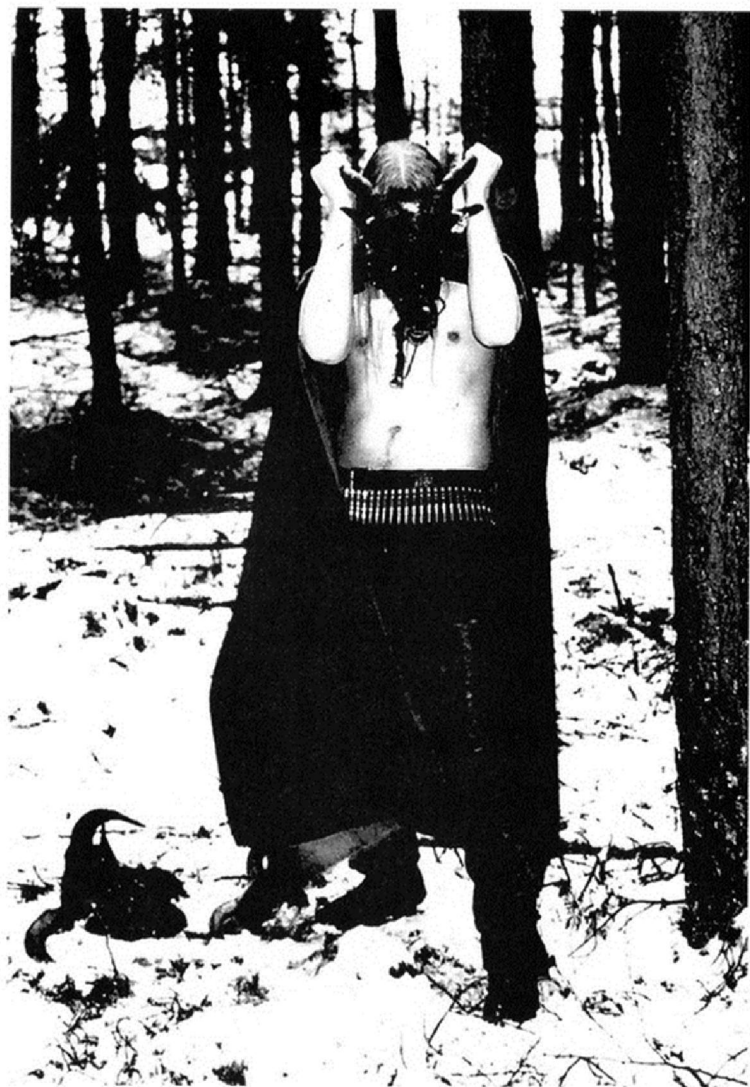
Conjoined for mental destruction



Your body is just a vehicle



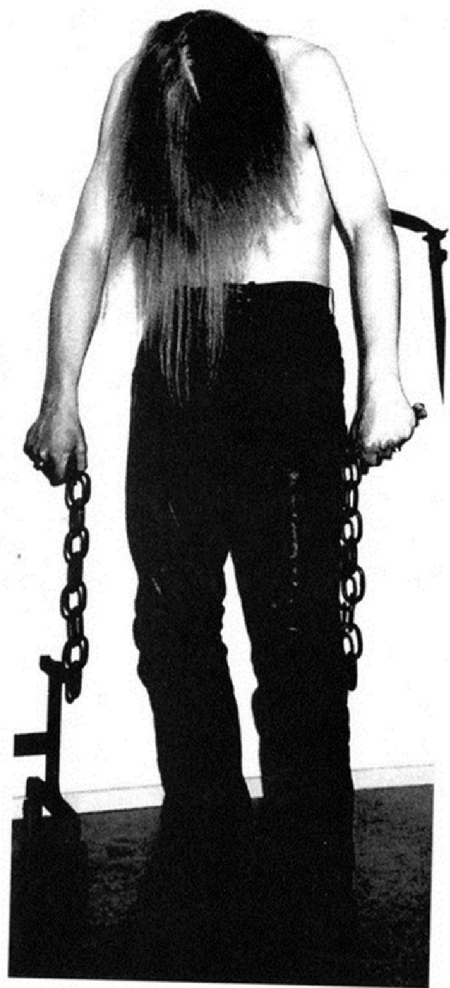
Is this you or me?



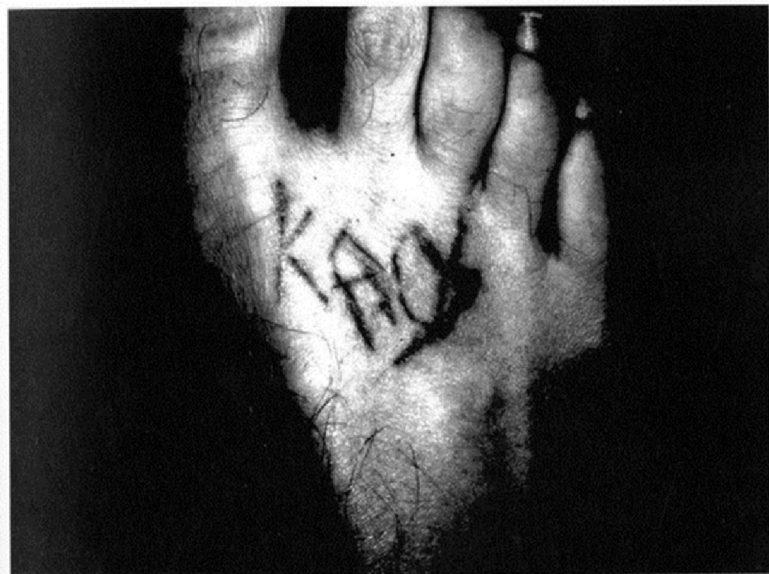
In human face



Screaming for heaven



Not chained to this world



Askes

Sterile nails and thunderbowels

Vast souls
and inhumans
bitten by infected jaws
abandoned minds
and corpses
lurking with moulded eyes
lacerated bodies
without mourners
nodding in gallows
crushed skulls
tasting the fur
of dying cats
needles, injecting pain
flamable skin
and deadly thirst
beyond mind
is sleep to be found
leap, leap, leap
from life
leave yourself
die with me

Taklamakan

Crush the shield of the hexagon
condemn the sons of the law
clones of zychon around your chamber -
Taklamakan!
organs of sturm gets closer to the shores
the eagle has landed the tamer of storms
grimish plague in stadio ultimo
six fields of unburnt ashes
the monument of strangled masses
they are infected
they are torn
they are rejected
they are born
are they forlorn? yes! they are forlorn

I am...
the silverhawk
the razorking
the cosmic observer
the galactic crusader
the eater of thoughts
the watcher of eyes
the drinker of skies...
I am the macabre enslaver...
invisible but invincible

I shall lead, you shall follow

Panzer riders
through bloody storms
acid spiders
in uniforms
golden gleams
that are sunken streams
buried in the coil
of infinite di-visions
I doom the carriers of wombs
opened are your shallow tombs
the consumption of six million stars
cyclonic winds in septic wars
shed are the blood of jewmans
slay the lion of Juda
revive the night of crystals!
convert my ashes
rebuild me in the spiral world
of nowhere
my only solution
is the cosmic conclusion -
bow for me!
...drei blintzeln kapitän!
(nein, nicht, noch einmail!)

The last breath of Tellus

Grind the bones of Tellus
fed down the throat of universe
visions disturbed, voices unheard
for the illusion beyond the eye
hear the Gods recline - as I enter the temple

I say:
enlighten me Lucifer!

Transformalin

Pull out my teeth, inhuman grin
peel of my skin, break the bones beneath
empty me
disembowel me - control me
slash my throat
steal my voice, it can not be heard
remove my eyes, you can not be seen
drill a hole, in my skull
fill me up (and) I'm sterile
with a stench of purity and ethyl
apply the feet, forget the pain
on white sheet, altered mind
let me sleep, in formalin
expose me, violate me, offend me, touch me...
after I'm dead...or...
just flush me down the drain
not human and with a pigface
put me to sleep

Upon the high horse of self destruction

Upon the high horse self destruction
wounded for life of course
listen to the voice of pain
as the body screams: torsion!
determined to dive
into the next wave
of pulsating blood
the fire of life
no longer burns my flesh
I receive death
with eyes open
I have swallowed the key
throw my bones to the pigs

Situazion: Lebensgefahr

When the Hebrew points at you
with broken hand and the mark of Cain
then known shall be, all martyrs died for me
jugend by my feet
solution in my hand
Europa on my shoulders
held in chains, dressed in grey
lions become lions prey
witness the eternal walk of Jahwe
a stalker in the doggerwerk of the mind
to history bound,
the insane dig their tomb on Roman ground

December funeral

Nevermind
"thy tempel"
it is already laid in ruins
and you have become
less...bottomless
and your blood has become urine
dig dig dignity
know your soul!
a massgrave is still just a hole

Numeric circle

4
4
4
4
333
333
333
2
2
1

Slipping into the eternal

Revolving eyes
agile yet frozen
corpses as spies
hiding in the open
alone in the cold
the flame won't return
nothing will ever burn
born anywhere but here
obeying every order
throwing us all over
the bloodred border
our skeletons ends up
in a dump, for time
to polish and shine
together building the key
opening the door to infinity

listen! DEATH ROARS! his voice is hoarse
it cuts through time
like a knife

Primitivemalehormonicrage

I wanted to kill a child (when I was a child)
and I want to kill a child
would you forgive me Jesus (I am your child)
please kill me, kill your child
Jesus; kill your child
let us all go wild, let us kill a child
and let her return to the Godly heavens
I drank your blood once, would you drink mine?
I dream of blood and broken bones
I wish to hurt a child or rape a wife
I tend to think of life in the end, that death is the definite end
I like to display my power and my brutal force
I dream of pain and bruised skin
I wish to beat your daughter and kill your son
I want to rape your kids and beat your wife
no depression
no real powers
I watch you from a different tower
I see an endless procession
with no flowers
no no ?
yes yes !
prepare yourself for
a kindergarden inferno
a weak human betrayal maybe
but don't you worry
no one will miss you
and there's no point in life
I throw your worthless body
into the sea
so I ask you again Jesus;
would you forgive me?

Death is the voice of compassion

At the edge of human understanding
in the darkness and on this evening
looks may be deceiving
of the human mind liberated
by the animal beast intoxicated
inside of me gods revoked
corpses re-activated
dress me in white
set me ablaze
right here and right now;
death is the voice of compassion

This is the Captain speaking

I am your captain
you are my soldier
for there is a passage
and it is golden
and I am working on having it open
in the arms of the gods
the olden
you are bound to follow
so listen to your soul
profound or hallow
just remember when to spit
and when to swallow
for I shall lead
and you shall follow

Restoring the primal blood order

Halt!
go no further
your filth
must not cross
these borders
divine orders...
...you see
endless and
of shapeless form
the fires beyond
is the end up close
fires of eternity
burns through
your soul *

Born to ruin

Looked inside your head
all I needed was a glimpse
raped your mind
right there on the bed
never saw you since
there's only one Christ
and that is true
but the looks different to me
than he does to you

Holy is the language of holy return

I know you are just asleep
heavy and deep
biding your time
yours and mine
all the time
you go...go go!
ahead of time
you are no longer mine
but I make time
the words and time
the worlds are all mine
all of the time
white skies, white eyes
white sun, white moon
kiss the mothers lips
take place on the mother ship
return to the fatherland
rest in our fathers hand
bleed in the chalice of mine
sleep in the bed of time

Blood will set you free

In the wound is the key
and blood will set you free
the draining of blood is religion
enjoy the numbness
of every feeling
from this point on;
there's no healing!

Your skull is your crown

The mind of the animal
is the eternal and founding imperium
and there is nothing like dying within
to enjoy the sharp pain
through the heart of your existence
internal organs collapse,
organic death
it's just death
no grander authority
it's just death
stab your heart
suicidal heart
stab your heart
suicidal heart
stab your heart
suicidal heart
stab your heart
stab it!
return return return
it's death and you mean nothing
this is the end...
and we all love it, don't we?
to whine like a dying cat
to bark like a mad dog
to revel in dirt and blood
to revel like a pig

White is black, forward is back

As I flow through time
I see myself as an old child
lost in this communion
unclean...like a pig
I keep my eyes open until the very end
and I wear white clothings
look at me!
I tear down the walls beyond
foghead, born dead
my eyes are dead stars
Exhume my deceived corpse
but treat my respectfully
and if rightfully so:
I'll be yours and I will smile as I go

Striving for brotherhood

Striving for brotherhood
and for a loyal companion
dying for a community
and then the community dies
ending this spiritual pollution
vultures free us from our bones
to strive for brotherhood and the comfort in communities,
to wish for a loyal companion and for someone to hold,
someone or something to live for
something or someone to die for
when the animal returns and you lose your vision
love, ideals and friendship...
all you ever hoped for...
this...
...will all die in the gutter



Bleeding out my religion

Let us leave
this bleak human uniform
twelve are the steps
of self destruction
and twelve are the levels
of transformation
embrace eternal illumination
and soul salvation
intergalactic prayers
flesh eaters and ney sayers
I'll save you all
from certain life!
the kingdom is in your eye
a different land in the palm of your hand
drink the eternal blood
internal flood
imperial blood
it's all pitch black
or even darker!
feel the tranquillity of the burning soul...
...as we are higher beings

Absolute gender death

Asexual
asexual
asexual
bestial
bestial
bestial
real wrong
dead gone
asexual
asexual
asexual
bestial
bestial
bestial
dead wrong
real gone

Beyond the no beyond

I found the true animal
beyond the no beyond
inside the structures and dogmas
I dissected the esoteric anatomy
of the highest authority
in the innermost room
is the highest
and the absolute lowest
entwined and reformed
made into one
merged

Dead while dreaming

I don't have the flesh of an apple
and my bones are neither shiny nor white
I am not clean cut or tanned
like Mr Jones or Mr Applewhite
but I rule and run your kind
the master of the mind
you don't have to
make
make up
up
your mind
mind
wake up
up
your mind

Your pain is a sacred cathedral

Your pain is sacred and ethereal
your pain is a sacred cathedral
every new born child is a virus
you can see what is to come
through the rusty doors of your dreams
and everyone screams,
or so it seems
can you see the face
behind the face?
touch the altar of flesh with your mind
do you want the sky?
the sky!
then choose the door
the door with an eye
who are you going to ask?
what are you going to do?
do you know where you are?
can you go this far?
you will find me
in the center of an isolated star
and what you can not see
is what you get

In the cold absense of Jesus

In the cold absense of Jesus
the devil hands out poison
to children on fire
on a starlit passage to the kingdom of heaven
come infantile, grow with me,
I grow in you
the old becomes young
and birth means death
breathless, lifeless, timeless

Natramn is me and Natramn is you

Blood you must go!
flesh you must go!
bones you must go!
voices from another world
is telling you so
deceitful your breath
honest and certain
only death
nothing else is safe
nothing else secure
but the very process
of yours soul's departure
you are not where
you are supposed to be
I'm not sure
if you are still here
I said I'm not sure...
do you hear me?

The war inside my head

I walk down this street
where every single human seem to bleed
and they scream and they scream and their dogs too
I walk down this street
where perpetrators and victims meet
right around, where there used to be an animal zoo
I rumble on, tumble upon
I sneak around without a sound
tada tada
one foot before the other
tada tada
I blink and your done
a wink and your gone
and I wear women's clothing
not just for fun
but for disguise
I sniff around
wag my tail

If you start to fall
I will be there!
no I won't
I won't really be there
but I'll watch you fall
and you'll fall from grace
you'll fall on your face
I look into your eyes
eternally staring eyes
like cold mirrors they are
and think of fish
I watch you in your sleep
making scary noises for your kids
and I won't really be there
not there at all
I am not really
someone you want to meet
you failed before you tried
you died before you died
I am done here
and where is the fear?
WHERE IS THE FEAR?

Under the welcoming wings of a vulture

In light and dark
swallow
or be swallowed...
as one and another...
one and another
one for the other
one...
for the other
in the deep or in the shallow
we all end up
deep or shallow
drowning in the sea
of the universal power
in the greatest hour
forced to our knees
by the highest power
by the highest power

Dead bones drumming

Now the tide is turning
the water is burning
see the he in her
feel the pulse flowing
watch the colours changing
see your life in reverse
hear your lungs humming
hear your bones drumming
this is the sense
of no sense

The cathedral of light

Did you stare a hole in the sky?
did you happen to notice that the window is an eye?
this is not your world
you are just passing by
and so am I
our world is the next one
the beyond is closer than you think
and time stopped
stopped
just for you
did you come to realize
that the sun is your mother?



Sort Of Sleeping (cut up)

This is but a false existence
everything here is a lie
not chained to this world
de-programming, reprogramming
transformation through thought re-forms
re-born
transmissions from the temple ground
the dead dreams of walking
who is the lord of life?
repetition, repetition, repetition
the essence of programming is
repetition, repetition, repetition
here in lies the alphabet
of divine transformation
total revolution of the soul
de-programming, reprogramming
transformation through thought re-forms
re-born
termination, de-termination
organic wasteland

destroy this vehicle of flesh
repetition, repetition, repetition
the essence of programming is
repetition, repetition, repetition
communications with the highest order
everlasting commands
from unknown organisms
de-programming, reprogramming
transformation through thought re-forms
re-born
reptilian, reptilian, reptilian
double headed serpents
the key to the next level is the spirit fixed in matter
repetition, repetition, repetition
the essence of programming is
repetition, repetition, repetition
divine visitations
decomposing Gods
faces in stone
de-programming, reprogramming
transformation through thought re-forms
re-born
proto sleep
future through a telescope
metamorphosis
repetition, repetition, repetition
the essence of programming is
repetition, repetition, repetition
dead limbs reawake
your grief is the absence of ghosts
find the tomb of light

Black diamond, black angel

Sweep your black storms
over my beat up face
pierce my heart with your
black eyes of curse
sink your black nails
into the flesh of my flesh
let me drink your black sin
spit and take a piss
on my rashy cut up skin
give me a poisonous kiss
with your stiff black lips
stab me in the back
when I kiss you back
stab me in the back
as I swallow your black

No longer human, no longer slave

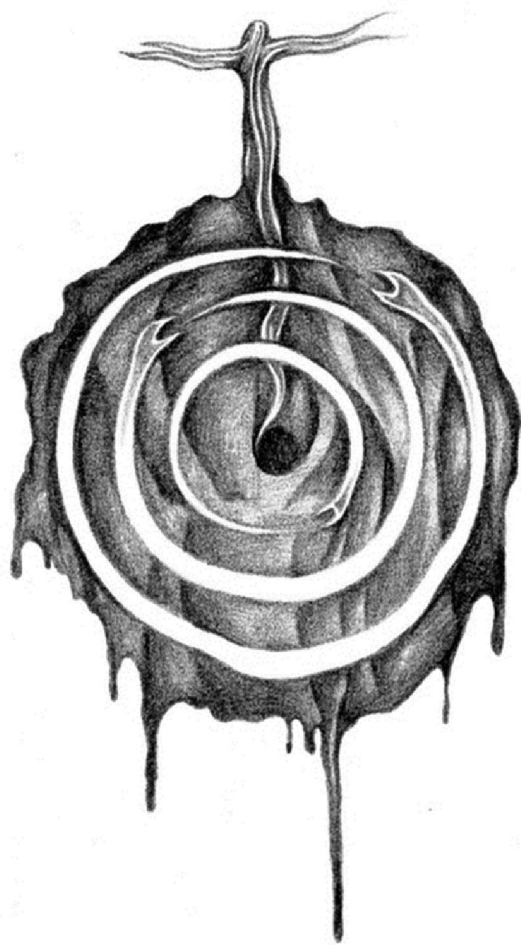
Lift me up
to the upmost high
let me swirl through
atoms and molecules
and let me breathe in the future
so that I can breathe out the end
finally it is time
to alter the depths of my mind
this life was but a great preparation
for the ascent
nothing more and nothing less
transformation is the key to salvation
it is time to rise again
to rise again in the great beyond

The resignation of will

Is it kill or be killed?
dodging on a hill
prophecy to be fulfilled
the resignation of will
and concerning the thrill;
I dream of every new kill
believe in your right to live
I kill your right
I kill your belief
I kill in the night
I kill for relief
the thrill of the thrills
it's who kill or who kills
the resignation of will
it's all in the will
replications to fill
a few people to bill
even more to kill
surrender for will
give up all
give it all
for the kill
the resignation of will
I've got time to kill
pessimistic at best
nihilistic at worst
uppers or downers
cutters and moaners
I chase them all to kill
THIS IS THE RESIGNATION OF WILL

Thirty years of snake handling

Inside the inside
like a psalm within a psalm
you may hear the sacred bells chime
through the golden circles of time
dissect Jesus
and you'll find the venom of ss...snakes in His holy blood
take what you need
and leave the rest on the cross



Carried away as black smoke

Hell! hell everywhere!
religion of will
walking on earth still
universal pain
flowing over your breast
that is a hill
asleep or awake
doesn't really matter now
father, mother and brother
bury me with you
in this soil
the light is internal
the darkness too
the fire eternal
that glows in you
I'm standing on a cliff
with open chest
the fire is burning
inside my breast
asleep or awake
doesn't really matter now
when things are circular
when things are circular
walking or flying
doesn't really matter now
I am carried away as black smoke

Eternal prophet

Prepare your vessel
(crucified through flesh and bones)
the window opens
the highest high
the lowest low
over yet below
are you ready to go?
universe calls
drink the blood of the stars
the black dog barks
with broken jaw
consumes us all
this might be the beginning
and this might be the end

Death is but a breath away

The end could not be close enough
hold on to your breath, for we are going!
hold on to your death
cosmic storms are blowing
a new world rumbles down
it is vibrant, and so are you
tip tap silently on your toes
our galaxy sleeps as HE goes
There are angels here you know?

I said: THERE ARE ANGELS HERE YOU KNOW?
do the light of the world go out
once you close your eyes?
you are red and maybe a bit blue
and you bite the hand that feeds you
and it bites you back
there was this man you know?

I said: THERE WAS THIS MAN YOU KNOW?
this man with broken hands and with a face of a pig
THE FACE OF A PIG!

he walked backwards into a river of blood you know?
I said: HE WALKED BACKWARDS INTO A RIVER OF BLOOD!
he walked backwards into a river of blood!
he walked backwards into a river of blood!
he walked backwards into a river of blood!

The curse of Saint Sigfrid

Sipping kata-tonics
in the grey fog of this Xanor night
composing music
electronic yet organic
decomposing sick
in psychofarmaka handcuffs
a mental prison
and sometimes the very opposite
dolloped up in wounds and blood
and in a flamboyant choice of non clothing
both my faces
becomes two faced
conjoined for mental destruction
pop up borderline soul patrols
pop up memories
and pop the fuck up Gods
running low of heart and will
pops another pill
and life is
LIFE

Christ is asleep on a distant planet

Raise a singular question
and receive triangular answers
under the electric moonlight
you are able, He is able
to switch the mind off
able able
Abel Abel
sigh sigh
science
it's all out there
walk the unearthly floors
open cosmic doors
leave this interstellar cellar
to go under is to go over
this is not heaven
and this is not real
this is a non-life in a non-world
and this is not hell
your time is up
prepare to ascend
but be aware of the satanic black angels
roaming the skies

Unholy sigil of semen

And the seashore is full of them
the heart of it all lies in the Godmilk
of the milky Milky Way
and now you drink semen
from a silver bowl
and your soul is holy
but your body is not
God is leaving
and the prophets are slipping away
your dreams laid to rest
together with your decomposing bones...
...your manifest



Unknown dimension blackyards

Everything is done
everything is done
can't help to think
that everything is done
everything is gone
everything is gone
can't help to think
that everything is gone
what was the price of it all?
who will rise from their fall?
who's the Christ of them all?
you may find me
in far off places
somewhere in fog land
somehow in God land
do you have a light?
can you see the ghost?
did you inhale?
where you here in your past?
the ghosts in here have flesh and skin and bones
and a mind of their own
once you have dissolved
what are you going to do?
where are you going to?
don't forget to feed the Gods!

Attempts and temptations

Release...only a breath away
pain...you're on your way
recovery is but a vague idea
and your body does no healing
in order to evolve
you must kill the old
all of the sudden
the future sneaks up
from the past
this is the backdoor to heaven
see for yourself
are you willing to go?

let go

Copper urine of a blood drinker

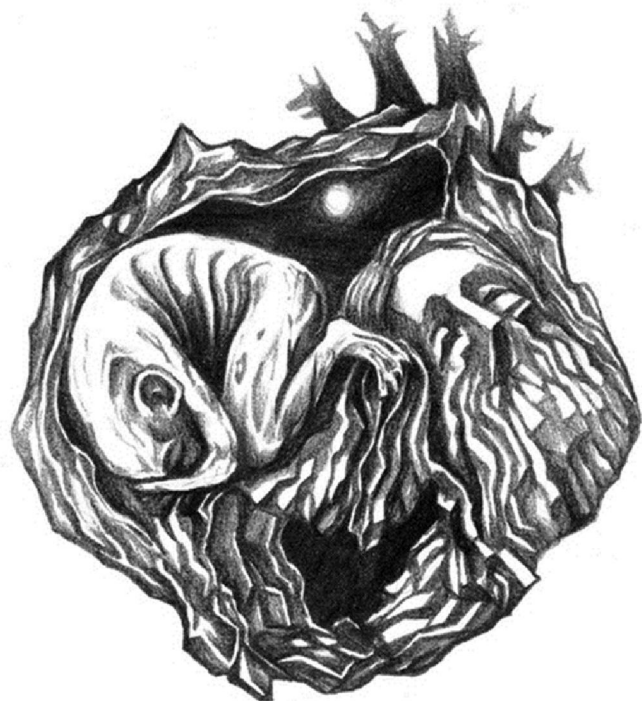
Reptile tail spin
still in human skin
drinking blood is a holy sin
and the raping of pigs
a procedure of faith
with all your flesh
and all your bones;
build me a throne!
wake me up
from this dream
inject the piss of God
into my bloodstream
wake me up
from this sleep
wake me up;
the transformation is complete

Earth is a house of desperate souls

Life is a blind spot
and the angels are metallic
heaven is polished steel
watched by the copper wasps
of Warsaw
you've got mercury
in your blood stream
led in your teeth
and silver inside your lungs
and all you want
is some blood
in your blood
but may I ask,
may I be so bold;
aren't your body made of gold?

The sleeping God

In the dead
dead of night
even darkness seems bright
and in the shadow
of all the earthly light
I am a different kind of pig
here I sleep
quiet like a mouse
deeper and deeper
meter by meter
all I hear are the mumblings
of a sleeping god...
and the barking of the
God damned dogs of Jerusalem!



Pigfaced Messiah

Every child of the sun
scream on top of their very lungs
they all scream for a new Messiah
and here!

here I am!

piggy son of angel mother
I'm the pigfaced Messiah!

I will show you
how to transform
how to be complete

I will show you
the way to the stars

my face is a holocaust
I'm the pigfaced Messiah!
my heart is made of gristle

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!
illuminated by the holy light
everything clear to see

for the new blood God
I'm the pigfaced Messiah!
the God you can not hear
the God you can not see

I'm the pigfaced Messiah!
sleeping like a dog
forever sleeping and free

and now is the time
to listen to the Captain
to follow orders

you must destroy
what you have become
you must destroy
the pigfaced Messiah!